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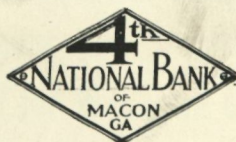
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WESLEYAN COLLEGE

MACON, GA.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ALMA MATER	45
TO THE ALUMNAE	46
POSTMARKED 1930—Margaret Richards, '24	47
PLANS FOR GREATER WESLEYAN—Leslie Quillian, '23 .	51
VARIOUS VIEWS	54
GEORGIA— <i>Poem</i> —Rebekah Oliphant, '23	60
THE SPIRIT OF WESLEYAN—Mildred Shelton, '23 . .	61
WESLEYAN'S PROGRESS—Elizabeth Winn, '25	65
SUE INTERCEDES— <i>Story</i> —Freida Kaplan, '26	68
BALLAD OF CHRISTMAS EVE— <i>Poem</i> —Mary K. Read, '25	73
GREATER WESLEYAN'S Y. W. C. A.—Mary Crane, '24 .	75
WESLEYAN'S CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC—Frances Peabody, '25	77
EDITORIALS	79
LOCALS	83
Y. W. C. A. DEPARTMENT	90
ALUMNAE NOTES	94
EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT	98
CATCH-ALL	100

Alma Mater

Hail Wesleyan, thou emblem of all that is grand,
The noblest, the greatest in all our fair land;
Thine ideals are honored, thy name always blest;
A fountain of knowledge, the oldest and best.

A star in the dark is thy glorious past,
For eber and eber thy glory shall last.
Upholding thine ideals, thy daughters will be
True, faithful and loyal, dear Wesleyan, to thee.

To the Wesleyan Alumnae:

It gives me the greatest pleasure to express this word of greeting to the splendid graduates of the old college. Nearly 3,000 of the leading women of Georgia and the South look back to Wesleyan and have given to the college their best affection and their highest good will.

"Greater Wesleyan" calls to you. Across the years the challenge has been made. With our magnificent new campus, our splendid faculty, our great student body, and our unequaled alumnae the future of Wesleyan is assured. Let us rise up and build!

For this noble enterprise we have waited. Wesleyan looks to her loyal and devoted alumnae to lead the way. Let us bring our gifts, large and small; above all, let us work for our Fostering Mother that in coming years her daughters may go forth from the most modern buildings, breathing the pure Christian air of a noble college, one that stands for sound learning and solid piety.

Come to see us. A Wesleyan welcome awaits you.

WILLIAM F. QUILLIAN.

Postmarked 1930

MARGARET RICHARDS, '24.

Wesleyan, Georgia,

December 1, 1930.

Well, pal o' mine, I know you are expecting a letter, and I hate to disappoint you, but in the language of freshman English, this can't keep from turning into a descriptive theme. I have not been able to write with any degree of coherence lately, I've just been moving around in a kind of awesome stupor, marveling at the beauty of this place called a college, and drinking it all in with my endearing young eyes.

For your sake, I'll try to start at the very beginning. When you first step off the train with your hat-trunk and that panicky coming-off-to-college feeling, you just turn around and purely stare, no matter how hard your mother has tried to teach you good manners. Like a beautiful jewel set high in a mounting of green velvet is the main building, built of Georgia marble, Grecian effect.

Then, as I walked on up to the far-famed Greater Wesleyan, surrounded by a bunch of laughing, chattering Y. W. C. A. girls, I could only get an impression of the loveliest of autumn flowers, by the "walkfuls" as far as I could manage to see (I hated to appear rude); the smoothest of green shrubbery, and grass that looked so deep and velvety, that I just wanted to rush right in, get a book, and stretch myself out at full length upon its softness.

By the time that wish was over, we were inside of—well, of a young palace, as it appeared to these unsophisticated eyes. Being a mere college woman, a description of the interior of the buildings is far beyond me—it would take the pen of some of the poets we studied last year (can't remember which one now).

Can you imagine having a back yard of 132 acres to play around in? Well, that's what the Wesley Anns have, and believe me when I say we revel in it. The front end side campus is mostly for beauty, and we can truthfully say that it fulfills its mission, for no mansion on Long Island has more beautiful grounds. Then, in the back there are woods, a real woodsy

forest, where we have "weenie" roasts, twilight suppers, and "rustic" times generally. Scattered about near the group of main buildings are tiny huts, chapter houses, teachers' cottages, etc., and at night with the lights twinkling in and out among the trees, it makes one think of a miniature city.

I could describe on and on, but I can't wait to tell you of our grand and glorious times. We have the privilege of joining into almost any sport that is advertised in the school supplement of the magazines. Of course almost any college can boast of tennis, basket-ball, hockey, etc., but where is one in this Dixieland that offers polo, golf, horse-back riding and canoeing? Yes, sir, we have all that. The polo and hockey fields are on the right wing of the campus, and marvel of marvels we have use of the golf links of the Idle Hour Club, Macon's beautiful country club, which they say has been greatly improved and enlarged since Wesleyan "came out." But to me, the horse-back riding is the grandest sport of all. When I was sweet sixteen I used to read books about antebellum days how the happy young couples would gallop away down a long, sunshiny lane. In this day of aeroplanes and swift motor cars, this training in expert horsemanship seems like a revival of some of the traditions of the Old South. Some of the girls are splendid riders and can hurdle beautifully.

The lake is tucked down in one of the prettiest woodland spots I ever saw. You suddenly come upon it after a slow descent down the sloping hill from the Science and gymnasium halls, and you always feel as if you want to peer around behind one of the huge old moss-covered trees to find a dryad or wood nymph. Probably you think, prosaic one, that I am waxing poetical, but who wouldn't over such a lovely spot? But we do more than merely compose poetry about this lake o' beauty. We canoe, and canoe, and then canoe some more. Take this advice from one of experience—if you want to create a muscle equal to that of the Arm and Hammer soda lad's, and have the time of your life, mount your trusty bateau and row, row, row. Pal, it's great.

Please don't think from this raving on that I'm a silly, thoughtless butterfly that just flits from one end of the campus

to the other. Indeed with the faculty of Ph.D.'s and Dr. this and that and the other; with daily lectures by radio from New York and England, and with all the numerous student activities that require time and earnest thought, one's mind, as well as one's muscle is kept strictly on the alert.

And, there is something about the splendor and magnificence of these new buildings, Pal, that commands you to put forth the best that is in you. The excellently equipped laboratories of Science Hall make you feel as insignificant and as non-essential as the proverbial worm, and unless you are as spineless as said worm, you study your head off in order to live up to the surroundings. The spirit of the girls, the love and inspiration of the teachers, and the desire to please the folks back home—all tend to make one happy and studious, industrious and ambitious.

Pal, it's a great life, and probably you think I have left nothing for you to see with your own eyes, but I have only half begun. Come, and see for yourself—the new Alumnae buildin, in all its beauty and glory is waiting, waiting for you, holding plenty of things to stir your memories of the days when the Wesley Anns' greatest outdoor sport was promenading up and down ye old college street.

Poor dear! Although I enjoyed your letter telling about the trials and tribulations under which you "got educated" at the "oldest—" nay, I cannot say "the best," I certainly wonder how you endured it. The dormitories here are charming—there are eight girls, and quite coincidently, representatives from the four corners of the globe, in my suite. However the spirit of democracy and comederie that prevails here allow no "scrappin'" between Yankees and Crackers. We have great fun together. As I was saying, our rooms are beautiful. The bedrooms, connected by the darlinest, white and shining baths, are furnished adorably. In the "living room" that connects the four rooms we have cozy rugs, the "comfiest" of chairs and softly shaded lights that are ideal for studying, yet makes you think of home and an open fire. You really wouldn't believe it, but there are pictures on the wall—far

more elevating than the Saturday Evening Post covers, you used to tell me about, that were all the rage in 1922.

So, now I have told you in actuality what you used to whisper to me as dreams too good to come true. I love it every bit, and sometimes when I catch myself wishing that all you "old girls" could joyously live over your college days in this Greater Wesleyan, I realize that it could not have been possible without the members of the Alumnae Association—their help, their vision, their untiring work, their never-failing love and loyalty for their Alma Mater. We lucky girls of 1930 thank you with all our heart.

Your loving friend,

WESLEY ANN.

Plans for Greater Wesleyan

LESLIE QUILLIAN, '23.

Dreams really *do* come true. Not always the kind you are having when your Big Ben calls you from Morpheus' realm, they're liable to be nightmares. But I'm talking about the kind you have with both your eyes wide upon, and when you plan and think about what you really want the most of all, and what you can do to get it.

For a long time the supporters of Wesleyan have been doing this kind of day-dreaming, and have been making plans to build of that old institution one of the greatest colleges for women in the South, and at last the haziness and uncertainties of this greater dream are converging into a great and glorious reality.

The realness of it all started on November 16, when the trustees of Wesleyan signed the papers that made the Flournoy property at Rival the future home of Greater Wesleyan.

This beautiful tract is in every way an ideal location for a greater plant. Situated as it is, five and one-half miles out on the paved Dixie Highway, these 132 acres with their 2,300 foot frontage, Wesleyan will be able to build magnificently for the coming centuries.

Perhaps a letter from one of Wesleyan's friends and patrons will show the possibilities and advantages gained from the possession of this property.

Newnan, Ga., November 21, 1922.

Dr. W. F. Quillian,
President Wesleyan College,
Macon, Georgia.

Dear Dr. Quillian:

I wish to congratulate you and Wesleyan College on the purchase of the Flournoy property for Greater Wesleyan. The ideal elevation and natural incline of the property; the two streams of running water, one on either side of the property and converging at the rear; the beautiful woodland tract extending from near the college buildings; the winding stream,

with the rocks overhanging at many points, traversing the beautiful grove, all combine to proclaim in loudest tones of sweet accord, Hail, Greater Wesleyan!

The stately buildings of Greater Wesleyan and the athletic grounds all being in plain view of one of the South's greatest railroad trunk lines will be a perpetual, free advertisement.

The distance from Macon on the railroad means you will have a station, a thing not to be overlooked. The trolley line running near, which will no doubt be extended to Wesleyan, is also a factor in valuing the location. With the expenditure of a few thousand dollars Wesleyan can have a most beautiful park with a running stream of silvery water traversing it, which will mean a new department for Wesleyan, taught by nature where God's handiwork is so manifest. There are the evergreens to consider in building a new plant. With the park beautiful on one side; the herd of fine Jersey cattle far back on the other side; the athletic grounds and the stately buildings in view of the passing trains and the strong faculty of Wesleyan at the helm, SUCCESS is spelled in very large letters.

Yours very truly,

A Wesleyan Patron.

Just as soon as the necessary sum can be secured the new million dollar plant will be erected. This will include dormitory space for a thousand girls, alumnae and Y. W. C. A. halls, a library, science hall, a fine arts building, an auditorium, and ample class room space for a thousand girls.

No longer will the well-prepared applicants each year be turned away. There will be room for them all to do their best work under the most desirable conditions, with the most modern equipment.

The tennis courts, golf course, lake for boating and swimming, and the athletic field will provide ideal and modern opportunities for recreation.

In every phase of college life and activities will Wesleyan step forward to take her rightful place as leader of women's colleges in the South, and exert her influence in all parts of the world.

The investment which has been made cannot be equalled in the large returns it will bring to the young womanhood of our Southland. With the co-operation and support of the Greater Macon she shall build, of her friends throughout Georgia and the South, with the backing of her present standing, her past history and traditions, and the loyalty, love and support of her host of alumnae, success is inevitable. All our widespread Southland shall then be guided by this great leading intellectual light, and all breathe unto her portals, "Hail, Greatest Wesleyan!"

Various Views

(EDITOR'S NOTE: As Addison said, "There is much to be said on both sides." Here are a few opinions on both sides of the Greater Wesleyan question.)

MARGARET CUTTER, '24.

The heart of every Wesleyan girl was filled with pride and pleasure as she looked for the first time upon the lovely grounds in Rivoli that the trustees have recently purchased for the New Wesleyan. Who could help being thrilled when visions of the future seem to pass in panorama before one's eyes? As they gazed over the broad expanse of the new campus, they pictured there the noble buildings of the Greater Wesleyan raising their lofty turrets to the sky. They were thrilled by visions of stately dormitories, broad golf courses, lovely gardens and lakes. With a feeling of pride, they saw the Wesleyan girls of 1927 established there and enjoying all those visions of beauty. The grounds themselves seemed almost like a dream to the girls, so beautiful were they with their broad grassy slopes, fragrant flowers, and lovely shrubbery. Even Uncle Johnson, gardener at the College, offered to take care of the whole 132 acres of the new property, and Aunt Mary, official keeper of the swimming pool since anyone can remember, declared she would "keep de whole lake on de new groun' radder dan leab all de gals."

Yet with the pleasure was mixed a little pang of regret at the thought of leaving the dear old buildings that have borne the name of Wesleyan so nobly and so long. The pain of parting must inevitably be felt by thousands whose heartstrings are bound tight around the buildings of which so many will say: "They are partly mine; I love every brick in them!" How many pleasant associations and dear memories of the old red buildings are treasured in the hearts of Wesleyan girls of years gone by! They are not beautiful, perhaps, these old brick buildings; yet there are some in whose eyes they are more lovely than palaces. They may lack lofty spires and turrets and stately domes; yet many would not exchange them

for structures of the most beautiful architecture that the world knows. They are built only of old red bricks; yet where is the marble palace whose every stone is treasured and loved like these? Many lovers of Wesleyan will say with old Uncle Johnson who has become as much of a fixture as the buildings themselves: "Law, missy, for nigh onto ninety years dese ol' buildin's done sarve you ladies; sho is shame to go an' leab 'em now." The beautiful sentiment of Mrs. Burks, whose great love of Wesleyan was demonstrated when she said that she "couldn't bear to see a single brick of Wesleyan touched," will be echoed by many, when the old buildings are abandoned for the new. True it is, indeed, that many hearts will always turn back with true affection to the old site that has been called Wesleyan for so long, and which will still be "Wesleyan" to many who hold the name dear.

Yet the sight of the beautiful new campus cannot fail to thrill the hearts of even these, the lovers of the old Wesleyan, with thoughts of the wonderful possibilities for the Greater Wesleyan of the future. For surely the students of 1927 will not be selfish, but will share their love of the New Wesleyan with those who never had the opportunity of attending it. By transferring the beautiful old traditions, the incomparable spirit, and above all, the love for the Old Wesleyan, to the more convenient and modern new site, what will not the New Wesleyan be able to accomplish? Many a Wesleyan girl was heard to remark, "I will have graduated; but I am coming back." So take courage, ye lovers of Wesleyan, and be glad!

LOIS HART, *irregular class.*

"I'd feel like the president's daughter a ridin' a'hind all dem gals if dey'd let me go out to Greater Wesleyan wid dem," explained Aunt Mary, official keeper of the gymnasium and swimming pool at Wesleyan as she rolled her eyes and grinned broadly.

"Does I want 'em to move? Well, 'em, I don't know 'bout dat. Cost I'm glad all y'all gals 'll have a big place to play at and all the room y'all wants to run 'round in. Deys dis do, hit tuck a long time to put dese here bricks in place and I hates to see 'em tear dem down. 'Sides, wid all dem lakes out

dere, you apt to drown and old Aunt Mary cain't be settin' on all de banks to onct to hear you when you holler."

"I speck hit'll be pow'ful lomesome out dere in dem woods. Hit'll be nice do when dey git all de cullud folkes quarters out dere and we kin all give a nice social-ble time wid one anodder, and singin' all dem old meeting chunes, and goin' to sassiety together."

"Me min' bein' way out dere in the country? Lawd, chile, I don't put no stock in goin' to town. I bought me a pair of shoes last September and I ain't been to town since.

I speck hit'll be putty nice but if I got ter fait five years, old Aunt Mary won't be dar."

Uncle Johnson, First Against Mobing Wesleyan, is Converted

ALL HIS ARGUMENTS AGAINST PLAN ARE SET AT
NAUGHT BY BEAUTY OF SPOT.

BY EUNICE THOMSON, '25.

Monday afternoon marked the greatest revolution at Wesleyan since it began to be the oldest and best college in the world. Even faithful, old Uncle Johnson, who has, for "nigh onto forty years," been the most settled object here, with the most fixed opinions known, has changed his mind as completely as any woman, since his visit to Rivoli.

Knowing the old man's bitter opposition to the uprooting of his beloved Wesleyan, Dr. Quillian extended to him a special invitation to go to the new site in the president's own car. Promptly at 3:00 o'clock, he appeared on the front campus, visibly puffed up with pride and dressed in all the finery he possessed, muttering to himself, "Whut us want ter tek dis lady college way out in dem woods, da's whut I wants ter know!

"Now effen hit was a boy college, hit ud be diffunt, but all dese young lady's mommas and papas done sent 'em ter see

de city—dey ain't sent 'em ter set out in dat country all de time! Naw suh!"

Then with the most decided shake of his head, he continued, "Cose, tain't none or my bizness. Cose, I 'members dat Paul done say, 'Let everybody be 'suaded by dey own opinion.' But, missis, y'all ain't gonna lak it. I know y'all ain't gon lak it. Why hit cost way up yonder ter git a cab fer ter carry you way out dar, en you kin cum up hyar fer 50 cents!" One argument which would come very near turning a Wesleyan girl's mind against the new plan was:

Tells Powers That Be.

"En you know dem street cyars don't run lak you want 'em all de time. Why, y'all couldn't never come ter town in de afternoon lak you does now."

"I done tole Dr. Quillian, I done tole Bishop Ainsworth, but they say, 'Got to take her out there.' All right, I ain't got nuthin' to do with it but I sez why in de name of goodness can't dey tek dat money en build two new buildings on dese same groun', one back er de swimmin' pool, en one back er de Annex? Dat ud save money en it wouldn't be so onconvenient ez to go way out in dem sticks!"

(The sarcasm and utter contempt with which Uncle Johnson says "dem sticks" is unmistakable.)

His opinion of the entire board of trustees is summed up in the words:

"Dey is makin' a great mistake. Dey is ontirely wrong in dey estimate. You mark my word, missis, y'all gonna say some day, 'Uh-huh, Johnson wuz right.' Us wouldn't lissen ter 'im but he wuz right! En all dem young lady whut done graduate, you spec dey'll sen' dey daughters out ter dem woods? Naw, dey'll sen' 'em ter some udder school, yes dey will!"

He was persuaded, after some effort, to make the trip with the student body on Monday afternoon to see the new campus, but he declared,

Utter Change of Heart.

"Well, I'm a-goin' out dere ter see it, but I ain't never a-goin' ter stay out dere. Naw suh! Johnson'll be in heaben, missis,

when you all goes out to dat country, a-lookin' down an' a'smiling at yer mistake."

Monday afternoon just before the return home, his opinion was:

"Missis, dis is one butiful place—sho is! Why, missis, how wuz I gwine know dis wuzn't jes' a ol' crick en' a lot er mud? I thought hit wuz fur outen country." The roses in bloom caught his eye at once,

"Ain't dem putty! Law, ef dey hed jes' bought dis place five years ago, Johnson could a' had it lookin' mighty fine fer you ladies by now."

When he heard the laughter that followed this change of opinion, he defended himself by saying:

"Well, hit ain't so inconvenient, anyhow, missus. Hit's real syseromatic, hit is. I speck you young ladies will lak hit out here."

He even decided that perhaps after all he would be able to watch the young ladies at the Greater Wesleyan with an earthly smile, for he was heard to remark:

"I'm gon have some putty flowers growin' hyah some day, I is."

Variety of Comments Made on Future Home

WESLEYANITES ENTHUSIASTIC AND DELIGHTED
WITH SITE.

BY MARY READ, '25.

Varied and numerous were the comments of the Wesleyan girls made upon Rivoli, their future home, as they viewed its spacious grounds yesterday.

"Grand place to have a date!" commented one as she gazed with wistful eyes toward the country club.

"Yes, and perfectly gorgeous golf links!" said another.

"And think, girls," interrupted a young lady of an athletic turn of mind, "we can go swimming in a real lake instead of a swimming pool!"

Yes, but think of life without the 'Pharm' and Mercer parades!" quoth a Job's comforter.

"At any rate, it ought to be good for the gasoline business," said a bright miss with bobbed hair. "You needn't think that traffic won't be blocked in front of Wesleyan as usual!"

"Just think of 132 acres—all our own, and all this space!"

"Yes, and you will need it, for when can we ever go to town, with a six-day schedule? We shall have to entertain ourselves in some way."

Enthusiastic and Delighted.

After such outbursts, Wesleyan girls scattered over the gentle slopes of the Greater Wesleyan campus.

The wide horizon, unmarred by crowded buildings; the deep, velvety carpet of grass; the carefully-tended gardens with the little crystal lake; the Autumn-tinted strip of woodland, all their own; the dream buildings so soon to be realized; everything was such a change from the narrow, town-surrounded, space-restricted campus of today, with its inadequate buildings, that it brought loyal pangs to many hearts to feel that the future Wesleyan would be so much greater and so much more beautiful than the Wesleyan of today. Never, the girls felt, could even these lovely vistas and the stately buildings of tomorrow quite replace, in their hearts, the "oldest and the best" of today, and of the yesterdays.

Just the same, they were enthusiastic and delighted over all the possibilities of the new. Besides, there is to be an alumnae building to which they all hope to come back some day to marvel and exclaim, as many aunts, mothers and grandmothers of today do, "How different things are from the days when I was a Wesleyan girl!"

"Georgia"

REBEKAH OLIPHANT, '23.

*If I could build a palace in my land of heart's desire
To live in through the span of countless years;
It would not be a villa on the coast of Italy,
Or a castle where the sails of treasure laden ships appear.*

*I'd build my house of dreams in that fair land of sun which
knows
The glories of a past well lived, a part well played.
A future which the promise of that past will so fulfill,
As when, to clear bright day, the mellow light of moon and
stars doth fade.*

*A place of beauty is that land; her moods are myriad,
At times she seems austere with barren rugged hills,
And then a gracious land;—her snowy fields are bright with
sun—
She changes now—perhaps the ghostly fingered cypress chills.*

*The sun that paints her rolling hills with spots of light and
shade
And fills her fields at harvest time with golden grain
Has shone on every heart that's harbored there and warmed
it so
That there's no place for haughtiness, for envy or dismay.*

*Its warmth's enkindled such a wealth of love and kindness
That men are brothers and a "neighbor" means a friend,
And that's the reason why I'd choose this lovely land of mine
And live my days out, there content unto the end.*

*If I could build a palace in my land of heart's desire
To live in through the long eternity
'Twould be somewhere in Georgia where the cotton fields are
white
And we feel that God is near us as the sun shines mellowly.*

The Spirit of Wesleyan

MILDRED SHELTON, '23.

(Reprinted from the *Wesleyan Christian Advocate*, December 16, 1921.)

"It seems a shame that those girls whom God has endowed with beauty and charm use them for the devil," a minister was speaking to his friend, who answered:

"I know where there are about 470 girls, most of whom are charming and attractive, and the trend of the times has not caused them to lose one vestige of their virtue and womanliness. They are at Wesleyan in Macon, Georgia, and in them is embodied the spirit of the Old South."

The conversation arose from a discussion of the modern dance, and then his friend explained to the minister how Wesleyan girls enjoyed life and good times ranging all the way from the Junior prom and Soph-Senior banquet to Sunday night supper clubs, with never the thought of the "Chicago Glide," or a bridge score.

The drab old buildings of Wesleyan contain the most extraordinary spirit of friendliness, hospitality and camaraderie. The girls respond to the very real interest the teachers take in them, and the atmosphere throughout the year remains so conducive of those high ideals so often too vaguely sought for, that without advertising or soliciting, the years bring crowded dormitories and waiting lists; for girls bring back their sisters and their chums; and mothers their daughters until Wesleyan has within her walls the granddaughters and great-granddaughters of Wesleyan graduates.

Much has been said about the old buildings and old furniture, but it is striking to see the pride beaming on the face of a Wesleyan girl as she leads her visitor first to the library where hangs the first diploma ever granted a woman and hear her tell Harry Stillmore Edwards' story of the old tower bell that sounds the class hours. Mr. Edwards said that when he was a boy he rose by a Wesleyan bell, he ate by a Wesleyan bell, he went to school by a Wesleyan bell, when he grew up he

went to work by the Wesleyan bell, and when he fell in love he married a Wesleyan Belle.

This old bell is one that was part of the Saint Michael chimes in Charleston and was sent to Wesleyan at the close of the Civil War; for the college had sent her bell to be melted into bullets.

One Macon gentleman was heard to say once, "You can go all over the world and find Wesleyan graduates—from the school rooms, parsonages and mansions of the United States to the throne of China," and indeed in China the first lady of the land is a Wesleyan girl, she is Mrs. Sun Yat Sen, the wife of China's first president, and she told Senator Harris that she chose Wesleyan because it is the "Best school in America."

It is a source of much pride to every friend of Wesleyan that she has a missionary flag with thirty-six stars, two of which have been added in the last two years, since Miss Elsa Logan went to China and Miss Lucile Lewis to Mexico. The largest Student Volunteer band at any woman's college in the state is at Wesleyan. There are fifteen members and they tell with pride of Miss Laura Haygood, a Wesleyan graduate, who was the first woman sent to China.

The Y. W. C. A., in co-operation with the city association, has accomplished a great deal in making the spirit of Wesleyan what it is. Thirty girls went to Blue Ridge and formed the largest delegation there, and the institution was proud of the representation of her student body.

It would be hard to describe the typical Wesleyan girl, although it is said that a resident of Macon can tell one anywhere. In school the typical girl is one with her arms filled with books going to or from the library, or in her room poring over those books. She is usually dressed in the inevitable middie and skirt, which next to hair nets the school girl counts as her greatest blessing. One girl was heard to say that getting in Wesleyan was hard enough, but staying there was harder; for in these days of "largest attendance in the history of the college," the required fifteen full units have got to be produced, and the right amount of work passed up, or Professor J. C. Hinton in his kindly sympathetic way, shows a girl how another

year of preparation will make her happier at Wesleyan in the long run. But in spite of her work, the student finds time to enjoy the athletics under the supervision of a very live association, which has in charge the best swimming pool in any college in the South, gymnasium, tennis courts and track; and she is so healthy that not even the tea-room and the dining hall can satisfy her ravenous appetite. It is no secret that the meals at Wesleyan are the best at any boarding school. Mrs. Harriet C. Hudgins, Stewardess, provides not only good meals all the time, but banquets for every occasion, and to the school girl the menu is no small item. The banquet speeches and songs originated by the girls are unexcelled in cleverness. The annual barbecue is another occasion managed by Mrs. Hudgins and has come to be one of the happiest events of the year, when class feeling runs almost as high as it does at Thanksgiving when all the classes meet on the basket-ball court.

By no means the least inspiration to the student body is the splendid spirit of the faculty which represents the culture and training of the best schools and experience. There are three returned missionaries, including President W. F. Quilian, who spent four years in Mexico; Miss Virginia Garner, who served five years in Japan; and Miss Lily Whitman, who was several years in Cuba. The faculty of the conservatory have had the best possible training, and under the guidance of Mr. Joseph Mearz, director, the conservatory ranks highest in the South.

Mrs. M. M. Burks who was at Wesleyan thirty-three years, did a great deal toward preserving the old traditions and making the standard of Wesleyan high, and her influence is inestimable.

Dean Hinton has been with the college for thirty-five years and has done much toward raising the curriculum of the college to the rank of any A-grade school.

One reason for the old Southern atmosphere around Wesleyan is the number of old Southern darkies in the college employ. Old Uncle Johnson is himself a tradition, and his "Good Mawnin' Mistis, Mah health am in a puffet state ob distication, Ma'am—mos' compoun' superfluous"—will inevitably cheer the most homesick freshman.

Wesleyan is rich in tradition, her walls and the old campus hold stories of sentiment, of hooped-skirt ladies of ante-bellum days and of the time when Sidney Lanier played his flute in the parlor where he woo'd and won his sweetheart; the atmosphere itself is full of romance and memories; and it is from sincere hearts that Wesleyan girls sing:

“Thine ideals are honored, thy name always blest,
A fountain of knowledge, the oldest and best.”

Wesleyan's Progress

ELIZABETH WINN, '25.

Wesleyan is the oldest college for women in the world. Wesleyan holds the distinction of being the first college in the world to grant a degree to a woman. There is unmistakable proof for this, for the diploma of Catherine Brewer, the mother of Admiral Benson, bearing the date of 1840, hangs in Wesleyan's halls today, the first diploma ever awarded a woman.

The founding of the college arose from the plans and proposals of Elijah Sinclair, before whose time education of Georgia women had been sadly neglected. The college was chartered by the Georgia legislature in 1836, and three years later the enrollment numbered one hundred and sixty-eight.

The first graduation class, that of 1840, consisted of eleven members. At this time Dr. George F. Pierce was president of the college, W. H. Ellison, professor of mathematics, and Thomas B. Slade, professor of Natural Sciences. Today Wesleyan's faculty numbers over fifty.

Some one may wonder why it is that Wesleyan girls are called to classes by an ancient bell pulled by a rope instead of being summoned by a system of electric bells. The bell has a history of which we are proud. The original bell was donated to the Confederate army to be used as ammunition, and after the war was replaced with one of the chimes from the Christ Church in Charleston. Its mission in the Great War a half a century later was to peal forth victory. On November 11th, 1918, it tolled for thirty minutes bringing the news of the signing of the Armistice.

Since its founding Wesleyan has had about 3,000 graduates. Many of these have become famous, some in the recent past entering Congress and the state legislatures. Others have given their lives on the mission fields. Today there are Wesleyan graduates in every part of the globe.

Each year the faculty has been strengthened not only in quantity but also in quality. Two of the members are to obtain their Ph.D. this year at Northern universities; two members already have taken this degree.

Wesleyan finds a strong source of pride in her departments. Her Conservatory of Music ranks the best in the South. Many scholarships to art schools have been won by graduates of its Art Department. The department of education is among the best organized in the state. It has complied with all the requirements of the State Department of Education and has supplied many teachers for Georgia and the South. The equipment in the biological and chemical science laboratories is especially fine. The departments of modern languages, physical education, domestic science and art and mathematics are all well organized.

The department of journalism deserves special mention. Its advance has been remarkable. It has only been in existence six years and it has received favorable comment from all the leading colleges and universities. Its work along one line has been unique. As far as is known, Wesleyan is the only woman's college whose students have taken charge of a newspaper office for one day. The first time this was done, it created such a sensation from a newspaper standpoint, that eleven New York correspondents, who were in Macon at the time, sent telegraphic stories of it to their newspapers. *The New York Tribune* stated that the editorials written by the girls of the journalism class were "better than those of many professional writers on well-known papers."

Wesleyan at present has five buildings consisting of Main Building, which includes the president's apartment and administrative headquarters, the Susannah Wesley Memorial Chapel, Roberts Hall dormitory, the dining hall, and Georgia building dormitory which has some class rooms on the lower floor. Immediately adjoining this are the gymnasium and the swimming pool. These buildings have served their purpose well but are very much outgrown.

Wesleyan is now an A-grade college. In the past two years it has become a member of both the Southern Association of Colleges and the American Association of Colleges and Universities, thereby ranking with the greatest colleges in America.

Such a standing could not have been attained without certain changes in the curriculum. The number of entrance units has been raised to fifteen and only pupils from accredited high

schools are admitted. Perhaps the greatest step forward which has been made with regard to curriculum is the introduction of the quality credit system. Sixty quality credits are required for graduation, and each student must make a certain number to win class promotion. Students may graduate Magna Cum Laude who have obtained 132 quality credits in four years or 75 the last two years; students may graduate Cum Laude who have obtained 112 quality credits in four years or 65 the last two years. With the quality credit system Wesleyan has adopted the principle of automatic exclusion which requires each student to pass at least fifty per cent. of her work each semester. Failure to do so automatically excludes her from college residence.

Wesleyan has an endowment of \$250,000 and an appropriation from the two Georgia Conferences of about \$5,000 annually. The income independent of board and tuition amounts to more than \$20,000, which is easily the equivalent of an income from a \$400,000 endowment. The General Education Board of New York has offered Wesleyan \$100,000 on condition that she raise \$200,000 herself, making a total of \$500,000. Not only to realize a dream of a Greater Wesleyan but to maintain the high standing that she has already reached, it is absolutely necessary that this amount be raised, and to do so each one must do her share. It will be a privilege and a blessing to have a part in the building of a Greater Wesleyan. Wesleyan girls never fall down on the job, and they will not shirk their share in this great task.

Sue Intercedes

FRIEDA KAPLAN, '26.

A pale yellow ball of a moon shed its beams on a scene of ineffable peace. Dancing shadows played hide-and-seek between the shrubs of the garden. The fountain, rippling softly in its marble basin, gleamed white in the moonlight. A rose-perfumed wind wafted gently through the trees. Calm and happy, also, was the girl who silently sat at the water's edge. She, too, was a symphony in light. Her hair, by day a mass of shining gold, was transformed at night into a shimmering, silver sea. A dress of soft grey crepe, with graceful, floating draperies, might well have clothed a daughter of Phoebus. She waited patiently for her lover. Ten o'clock passed—he had not yet appeared. Susan began to pace the flower-bordered path. The chimes of the hall clock could hardly be heard as it struck eleven. Inwardly raging, the girl went into the house. At the most important moment of her twenty-two years, Charles had failed her.

Early the next morning, the telephone rang. Susan was not yet awake, but her nine-year-old niece was. The child skipped into the pink and white room, calling shrilly, "Aunt Tiny, you're wanted at the 'phone. Real important, too!"

"Uh, what?" stammered the sleepy girl, rubbing her eyes. Then understanding coming to her, she slipped on a negligee and ran to the 'phone. However, this care-free mood changed as she heard the voice on the wire, "Charles," she said coldly, "what is the last name, please? Oh, Charles Hogan. So you thought you'd phone to see if I were still waiting for you, did you?" she asked with sarcasm. "No, you needn't try to explain why you didn't come. No, don't; I'm not interested—humph, a likely story, that. You cared so much for me that you say you slept when you were supposed to be bringing me my engagement ring. Oh, heavens; these men; *I* can't help if you were tired, and had to sleep. Can you come tonight? Well, I should say not, nor any other night either!" She slammed the receiver onto its hook and burst into a storm of tears.

But this cryptic conversation was overheard by a most interested audience. Little Sue Jenkins, her grey eyes sparkling with excitement, was crouched close to the banisters of the staircase. She leaned forward eagerly at each new turn in the conversation. Inquisitive and imaginative by nature, she longed to hear the other side of the quarrel, but her fertile mind soon supplied the missing details. She pictured Charles pleading with his lady-love, heard the scathing replies he received, and wove it all into a passionate tale of love and romance. Now Sue's one ambition in life was to become a famous novelist. This thought burned in her brain continually and whatever others might say, she considered herself a budding genius, a second Daisy Ashford. She resolved to write her masterpiece from the inspiration received from her aunt's quarrel with her lover. Already, thoughts were twirling in her head; she was trying to recall various flowery phrases that she had heard or read. Ah, she had it all planned out. Of course, the characters would be of royal blood. She set to work immediately, and no amount of coaxing or cajoling could tear her away from her work. She would hardly stop for meals, but would sit for hours, curled up in the crotch of the twisted old apple tree in the east side of the orchard, her tongue firmly clenched between her teeth, and an expression of solemn rapture on her face. As the days passed, and the story neared completion, she would fall into moods of unholy glee. Dreams of world renown and her name in capitals in all the leading magazines flitted through her mind in rapid succession. It was great to be alive in a world glowing with promise! When the story was finished, she spent hours laboriously copying it. Great was her joy when it was signed and sealed in a long envelope that she had borrowed from her daddy. Then arose a great unforeseen question. There were so many large magazines in the country, that she could not decide upon which one she should bestow the honor of publishing her story. She spent days thinking on this problem. One morning, she was surprised to see her aunt burning the pile of magazines. Sue offered to help her, and was soon absorbed in the task. All of these magazines were of the same kind, "The Monthly Whirl." The child was impressed with the title and thereupon decided to send her story

to the magazine bearing it. Little did she know what the consequences of her act would be. That night she slipped to the post box and mailed the manuscript.

About a week later, Charles Hogan, returning to his office after a fortnight's absence, found a huge pile of mail awaiting him. His position as literary editor of "The Monthly Whirl" kept him busy rejecting and accepting material submitted. Whenever a reader found something he considered acceptable, he would bring it to Mr. Hogan, who had to pass on everything that was published in the literary department of the magazine. Charles sighed as he resumed his tasks. The second day after his return, he was interrupted by one of the readers of material.

"Howdy do, sir," the man said, "Have a good rest?"

"Oh, so-so." Charles shrugged his shoulders indifferently. "Anything good in that batch?" he asked with a flash of his old interest.

"Just what I came to see you about," the man replied, "There's one 'script here that I want you to see. It's a scream! Don't read it until you have plenty of time to laugh," he said with a broad grin as he handed a stack of paper-filled envelopes to the editor. Charles thanked him and sank back into his chair. Alone, the thoughts that had been uppermost in his mind for two weeks returned to him. Was Susan still angry with him? Many times he had asked himself this question, but he could not answer it. He came to himself with a start and remembered the "scream" that the reader had told him of. He took the top manuscript from the stack and began to read. The hand-writing was squarely formed, all marks of punctuation excepting periods were absent, and a paragraph was a thing unheard of. These are a few extracts from the papers in his hand:

"There was once, many, many, ages ago a very butiful princess named Suzette. She had hair that exackly matched the expensive gold crown that towered in a stately manner from her head shaped like a statue. Her blue eyes gazed into the blue sea sad, sad was the princess . . . Carlos, the prince of Penticue was a loudesome man. His sole pinned for a mate. He was a man with a blushing complekshun of

dark red. At times his grey eyes looked like ice sickles then sometimes they looked like needles such as are used for darning stockings The season was spring. Birds sang sugar sweet songs in all the trees. All the ice sickless had melted ecksept the ones in the prince of Penticue's eyes. He still pinned for the mate that was soon to be his At last! He met the one woman he wanted. They saw each other and both of them were lost in the great love that enveloped them. When will you become mine, Suzette, the adoring swane asked her pashonately. Whenever you say so, darling, the princess said in a snappy manner. Well, we'll make it snappy he came back sharply. I will give you a sparkuling ring that will look like a scrumptious star on you heavenly hand. . . . But her lover failed to bring her ring that would plite there troth. She waited for him long and londesome. She would have no more of him. She pined for him eternallie and soon stopped eating because of him. For years she pined for him in the same way. One day her lover could not bare the strane any more so he went to her palace. Everybody was weeping tears and ringing there hands. Why do you weep maid he asked a poor but lovely girl. Because my princess is dead and she has just finished being berried. Your princess, he cried; who do you mean? Princess Suzette, sir. She waited long for her lover but he never returned so she pinned away and then died of a broken hart. Oh crule fate, the man moned. I am to late to late. So ends my story."

Charles Hogan burst out laughing. This violent storm passed rapidly, leaving in its wake amused chuckles. Finally, these vanished, and he fell into a thoughtful mood. A scrap of paper on the floor caught his eye. He picked it up and read, "Please send the money to Miss Sue Jenkins," and the address followed. "Sue Jenkins," he mused. Where had he heard that name? Ah, he had it! She was the young niece of his former fiancee. A strong, familiar current of thought had been passing through his mind. He fairly tore the sheets apart to re-read parts of the story. Could Suzette stand for Susan, and Carlos of Penticue for Charles Hogan? Was the breaking of the described engagement in any way related to his? He wondered. All of the descriptions and circumstances were the

same. Then came a sudden, painful thought. The princess of the story had *died of a broken heart!* Could anything have happened to Susan? Not able to stand such thought any longer, he jammed on his hat and caught a taxi to her house. Arrived there, he was quite taken aback by seeing Susan in the garden, contentedly rocking in a wicker chair. Of course, she was much thinner and unusually pale from the two weeks of worry. He hesitated to approach her, but when he did, he was fully rewarded by her radiant look. "Charles," she sobbed. "Oh, dear, it's been so long!"

A half hour later, Sue Jenkins was made the happiest little girl in the world. Not only was she told that her story was to be published in "The Whirl," but she was also to be flower girl in a wedding! Oh, romantic thought!—a real wedding that of her aunt Tiny and a big auburn-haired "man with a blushing complekshun of dark red!"

Ballad of Christmas Eve

MARY K. READ, '25.

*O, hang in the window the holly wreath gay,
The mistletoe over the door,
And a candle of crimson on Christmas Eve light
For the lass who returns no more.*

*Black as the Yule log's char were her locks;
Red as the berries her mouth;
Dark cheeks all crimsoned by cold from the North;
Eyes alight with the warmth of the South.*

*From the bite of the blast and the flurrying snow,
All in Gypsy's tatters she came
To beg for a shelter on Christmas Eve night;
But she never would tell her name.*

*"Your candle at casement spoke welcome," she said.
"And I'll dance for your Christmas cheer."
"Tis the season of open house," quoth the young laird.
"To the warmth of the hearth draw near."*

*Now when she had feasted and warmed through and through,
Then up from the hearth she arose;
And whilst on his lute the sweet minstrel did strum,
She whirled on the tips of her toes.*

*Lithe and alive as the flickering flames,
Like the wavering shadows she flies;
Down the dim hall to the young laird who stands
Watching, with fire in his eyes.*

*Then back, as the shadows retreat on the wall
When the great log burns full low,
She dances; he follows, entranced, to claim
One mad kiss in the fire's soft glow.*

*O, swift has she snatched from the corner her cloak,
And has raced past them all to the door.
“I ha’e given you cheer,—Merry Christmas, good night!”
—She has gone, to come back never more.*

*But the young laird did love her, and each Christmas Eve
He lighted a taper so red
To guide the lass back to the warmth of his hearth
And the love he would give, it is said.*

*Then hang in the window the holly wreath gay,
The mistletoe over the door,
And a candle of crimson on Christmas Eve light
For the lass who returns no more.*

Greater Wesleyan's Y. W. C. A.

BY MARY CRANE, '24.

When Greater Wesleyan shall become a reality, when those stately buildings will stand on the beautiful slopes of Rivoli, when a thousand young women shall cross the threshold of the greatest of women's colleges, what will be the status of its Christian influence? Will the fact that a Y. W. C. A. "hut" will occupy its corner of the campus mean that greater religious influence will be exerted? We dream, we hope, and best of all, we pray that Greater Wesleyan will mean a Greater World.

But as we dream and as our hopes grow into boundless enthusiasm there comes to us an answer to our questions. We become aware that upon us falls the responsibility of making possible an atmosphere of Christianity that may touch the hearts of the thousand year by year.

Through the Young Women's Christian Association there comes the opportunity of not only bringing the college girl closer to her God, also closer to her fellow beings. She learns to respect the individuality of others, to work in harmony with others, to be of service to others—and last, but perhaps greatest, the joy of service, the joy of being a Christian.

Still, the question looms before us—how are we to help in the bringing about of this influence? We shall never be students in Greater Wesleyan, then—what part shall we play in its development?

Our part is the building of that great institution, not with brick and stone in itself, nor with fanciful dreams and bits of tradition, but with our prayers and—with our money.

When New Wesleyan opens its doors to the young women of the South and even of the world, there must be,—there will be,—a Christian association competent to take its rightful place in so great an institution.

But, to be able to function as it should, this Association must have adequate means. In a building of its own, where meetings may be held undisturbed by the usual rush of everyday life, where girls may go for a period of quiet and rest,

and where, too, social gatherings may be held (for the Y. W. C. A. develops the social nature of the student as well as the religious), there will be room for growth and expansion, for with greater facilities comes a greater field of activities.

Expansion spells progress, but without means expansion is impossible. Then upon us, the students of today, and upon you, Alumnae, is dependent the means for the building of a Greater Wesleyan, a greater Y. W. C. A., and the development of a Christian influence that may be felt through the ages to come.

What will be our answer?

Wesleyan's Conservatory of Music

FRANCES PEABODY, '25.

The Wesleyan Conservatory of Music has had no small share in making Wesleyan College a goal to be striven for by many of the South's most ambitious young women. Since its very beginning it has kept pace with the literary department in progress and development, and shows no tendency to lag behind now that the greatest step in the history of Wesleyan is about to be taken.

In an investigation made not long ago, by an unprejudiced judge, it was proven that Wesleyan's Conservatory and School of Fine Arts held first rank among other schools of its kind south of the Mason-Dixon line, and compared very favorably with those in many Northern cities. The reason for this is not hard to ascertain when the curriculum is considered, for aside from the actual study of music, courses are required for graduation which tend to broaden a student's view-point, give her a musical vision, and a higher appreciation of the great masters. To aid this, artists of the first rank are brought from all the world of music in the Master Artist's Series and in this way the student is given an opportunity of the rarest good fortune to model her work after those who have come as near perfection in their art as it is allowed humanity to approach.

The professors in the Wesleyan Conservatory are all artists in their line and each pupil is given the privilege of instruction of the highest order as there are no assistants. The musical faculty consists of six instructors in piano, two in voice, one in pipe organ, and one in violin. There is an equipment of half a hundred new pianos and two pipe organs, one of which is a three manual Moller.

The Glee Club is an organization which comes under the instruction of the Voice Department and is a living advertisement of the work done by that department.

Too much cannot be said concerning the present conservatory and its high standing, but in this time of great progress and rapid development there can be no halt to rest on past laurels. In the vision of a Greater Wesleyan, which is looming bigger

and bigger over the horizon, the School of Fine Arts has its dream cloud. The plan now is to use all of the old site as a conservatory and have in connection with it a literary department which will be arranged so that the same work will be accomplished, with the difference that the Fine Arts will hold the preference. Instead of the capacity being limited by the literary requirements of the Southern Association of Colleges, as it necessarily is now, the conservatory will be free to take in any students desiring a musical education regardless of what other work she might or might not wish to do. The enrollment of this conservatory is expected to reach 1,200, which will include pupils in all grades.

Aside from the major arts there will be instruction in the different orchestral instruments which will lead to a symphony orchestra to be developed and added to year by year. The Department of Voice, in its new curriculum, will include instruction in choral work and light opera with public entertainments as a phase of it.

These are just a few of the boundaries that are to be expanded so that they might encompass the greatest and best-known Conservatory of Music throughout the entire southeastern states.

Editorials

GREATER WESLEYAN.

"Greater Wesleyan" is to be a fact. It is a vital reality. The land is purchased, and the plans drawn up. It has passed from the realm of air castles to that of certainty.

What a wonderful feeling that is! How it should stir us to the very depths when we realize what it means not only to Wesleyan, to Macon, but to the remotest corner of the world, for Wesleyan to expand, to fit herself more perfectly to take her rightful place among colleges. Truly we do not live unto ourselves; neither does a college. The smallest change influences many; such progressive steps as raising the curriculum or meeting all standard requirements affect a wider constituency. Think, then, of the effect of the removal of Wesleyan from its restricted home to an adequate location. Can you not see Georgia meeting its demands for more of the right kind of teachers; and the United States being better governed by its college graduate Congress-women; and the lands across the sea receiving more missionaries to tell the blessed story where it has never before been proclaimed? The opportunities for service in every line will be quadrupled since more in number and more in efficiency will go forth from the wonderful halls of Greater Wesleyan to spread Christ's banner over all the world. The sphere of opportunity will be widened and there will be competent and ample resources to draw upon to meet the corresponding responsibilities.

We who are or will soon be alumnae of Wesleyan will always be proud to claim her as our own Alma Mater. We have learned to love her, to prize the ideals she has striven to uphold through all the years. We who have enjoyed and appreciated the privileges, shall we not be eager to let others possess and profit by them? Shall we not be happy that more girls can come to Greater Wesleyan and catch the spirit, and have their lives broadened and deepened by the wonderful atmosphere that hovers around Wesleyan? Think of the many girls in the past who have been deprived of a college education at Wesleyan because of lack of space; should it not make our hearts rejoice to know that more of the coming generation will

be able to take advantage of the wonderful opportunities that Wesleyan offers?

Wesleyan could not afford to do otherwise than to keep abreast of the times. It has always maintained a high place in the ranks of colleges; it must keep that place, and to do so it must expand. Its watchword is progressive conservatism—a clinging to the old ideals but an absorption of the new.—a love for the “Old South” but a desire to play a prominent part in the building of the new. Greater Wesleyan is a wonderful step forward, not a venture. The limited quarters have long shown the need; Greater Wesleyan is being planned on the positive belief, the absolute foreknowledge that Wesleyan through expansion, and through expansion alone, can become the true leader, the proper guide of its daughter colleges. Wesleyan is worthy of the name “mother of colleges” but she must live up to it not only in beautiful traditions but in constructive achievements; and Greater Wesleyan is the most effective and best medium through which it can accomplish this end.

WESLEYAN'S NEW HOME.

(Reprinted from *Macon Telegraph*.)

The friends of Wesleyan everywhere will be heartily pleased that the College has been able to secure such an ideal location and such ample space for expansion as is afforded by the purchase of the Flournoy estate at Rivoli. While there is a great deal of sentiment that centers around the present city home of Wesleyan, it has been manifest for some time that the College had outgrown its grounds, and that to realize its large place in the educational life of the State and section, it must have more breathing and expanding space. Its new home will be near enough to the city for all of the essential advantages of the city, and enough in the country for all the advantages of the country. The elevation of the new site will make for as nearly perfect health conditions as can be found, and the

beauty of the scenery will be an important factor in the esthetic education of those who live and study there.

Wesleyan has been a center of unusual life and fine activity even for a college community, and has made a rich contribution to Macon and wherever Wesleyan students and alumnae have gone. Under Presidents Roberts, Guerry, Ainsworth, Jenkins and Quillian, Wesleyan has made very rapid as well as substantial progress, and the administrations of former days were also notable. Perhaps no man who has lived in Macon impressed himself more vitally and wholesomely upon life than did President Bass, and President Hammond was one of the finest spirits who ever lived here. And there have been some of the finest types of Georgia and Southern womanhood associated with Wesleyan as instructors as could be found in our educational life.

The present spirit of Wesleyan is progressive and wholesome. The College is a life center, and its spirit is charged with ideality and vital interest in current problems and needs. Its present president appears to be a man of unusual culture, vision and fineness of spirit, as well as an executive of marked ability. We do not happen to think of a president of a woman's college with more fine points to his favor than President Quillian, and he has in his faculty a group of unusually able and scholarly men and women. They have been drawn from many quarters and represent a finely cosmopolitan attitude. While Wesleyan has kept herself closely anchored to the essentials of the past, it has shown an unusual willingness to adapt herself to the present and the future. Its conservatism has been of a type that believes in going forward, and its going forward has been of the type that preserved ancient and essential values. The College has been so much stronger in the field of actuality than in self-advertising that there has grown up in our midst a much more vital and wholesome institution than our own people are generally aware of. And the spirit that seeks to be more than to seem, to have something worth advertising rather than to advertise, is the spirit that builds so substantially that in the end it justifies the rightness of its emphasis.

It is certainly a fine asset for Macon to have two of the leading colleges of the Southeast located here. And as much

as they have meant and now mean to Macon, the indications point to such a future for both that Macon should become the Athens of the Southeast. The economic value of these institutions will be worth far more to Macon than the dollars the Macon people are asked to invest in them, and their value in the field of culture and Christian idealism is incalculable.

REFLECTIONS OF CHRISTMAS.

Christmas! The gladdest season of all the year is here again. Every heart is joyfully singing out the same old, yet new, story of the ages. The voices of happy children herald it; the bells across the frosted air proclaim it, and as they peal out their message the grim and silent stars watch down, and twinkle perhaps a little clearer in the stillness of the night.

Yes, these are the same old stars which so many long years ago lighted the archway of the heavens, and watched the Eastern wise men, as they followed the greater, brighter leading light unto the lowly manger bed of the Christ-child. They saw the golden gifts and myrrh these ancients brought, and knew their wonder, adoration, and their love.

Today they see the present we would give, and know that our thought of giving, our outward expression of an inward desire to make others happy, is but a symbol of the Greater Gift of God to earth below. Each tiny candle we have lighted represents the one great light which led the wise men then to Bethlehem; and the carols that we sing but echo again the celestial chorus which gave to the shepherds on their lonely hill that night, the message "Peace on earth good will toward men."

How mean 'twould be, should some give just for show, or selfish ends which they might gain, and not remember those poor, less fortunate than themselves who might not share each pleasure wealth could give.

So now, as our faces are happily turned homeward in our holiday joy, let us each remember to send in every gift we make, an embodiment of the truest Christmas spirit, a reflection of the spirit of the Perfect Gift, which is the emblem of eternal love.

Locals

GRACE WOODWARD, *Editor.*

Possessed with the happy thoughts of a new and pretty college home, Wesleyan students, faculty and officials piled into the cars provided by the Junior Chamber of Commerce with one purpose—to see the Spot. They could not have been happier had they been bound for their own homes.

Out about three and one-half miles the “chauffeur” pointed out a long, green, rolling slope, crested with a large white colonial home. Shouts of ecstasy went up only to be withdrawn by the thoughts that trunks could not be moved the next day.

In the picturesque nook on the front lawn the guests were met by the hostess, Mrs. J. A. Flournoy, who served lemonade during the afternoon. The beauty of the location increased toward the rear; there the blossoms, shrubs and vines were made doubly beautiful by a crystal pool in their midst.

A ramble through the woods and over the campus-to-be enchanted the girls with their future home. There was space for golf links, tennis courts, swimming pools, baseball diamonds, a place to hike—acres for sports, a place to be quiet when one likes; and an ideal place for a Junior “Prom.”

The conviction of each girl was, “there is no more ideal a spot for Wesleyan.”

Under the efficient management of Professor Edward Howerton, head of the voice department, the Wesleyan Glee Club and Orchestra has been organized. It promises to be the best in the eight years of its history.

The officers of the club are: Fannie Belle Outler, president; Mildred Churchwell, vice-president; Mildred Baird, business manager; Harriet Evans, secretary and treasurer.

The complete personnel is: First Soprano, Harriet Evans, Tifton, Verna Mae Roberts, Douglas; Anna Morrison, Macon; Mildred Churchwell, Jacksonville, Fla.; Mary Bennett Cox, Camilla; Roline Trimble, Atlanta; Margaret Porter, Macon.

Second soprano: Effie McDaniel, Thomaston; Mary Bre-

vard, Macon; Evelyn Duncan, Prattsville, Ala.; Celeste Copeland, Greensboro; Margaret Burghard, Macon; Edna Rogers, Jacksonville, Fla.; Frances Peabody, Waycross.

First contralto: Loralee Watkins, Lakewales, Fla.; Mary Evans Rankin, Macon; Mildred Baird, Columbus; Leslie Quillian, Athens; Eloise Grahl, Cuthbert.

Second cantralto: Julia Glenn, Americus; Edna Mahone, Talbotton; Fannie Belle Outler, McRae; Madge Jenkins, Edison; Frances Bates, Selma, Ala.

Orchestra, first violin, Helen Goepp, Macon; Wyolene Hart, Macon; second violin, Elizabeth Holcombe, Macon; Lillie Ruth Hemperly, East Point; first mandolin, Frances Peabody, Waycross; Margaret Burghard, Macon; Wilhelmina Bond, Macon; Mildred Baird, Columbus; second mandolin, Leslie Quillian, Athens; Honorine Bollinger, Macon; Mary Tanner, Carrollton; guitars, Julia Glenn, Americus; Mabel Bond, Macon; drum, Fannie Belle Outler, McRae; saxophone, Ila Brinson, Wrightsville.

The club will make its tour during the spring holidays in March.

* * * *

For the representative section of the Annual, girls to impersonate the different periods in the history of Wesleyan and the attributes of an ideal Wesleyan girl have been chosen.

Those to typify the periods of history are:

Celeste Copeland	Colonial
Marion Page Munro	Civil War
Elizabeth McRae	1880
Mildred Churchwell	Modern

Those attributes of a Wesleyan girl are:

Witty	Rebekah Oliphant
Wise	Mildred Boulton
Chic	Ellen Hunt
Pretty	Mildred Churchwell
Happy	Mary Wilson
Energetic	Mildred Shelton
Athletic	Mildred Baird

The results of the election of the Jester staff for 1923 show that the prospects of a Jester is not jest-er staff. They are girls who will put out a paper that will measure up to the standard of any ever yet published by the Wesleyan class of Journalism.

Those composing the staff are: Frances Peabody, Waycross, editor-in-chief; Eunice Thompson, Brunswick, managing editor; Catherine Craig, Cottonton, Ala., city editor; Mary Gillespie, Albany, state news editor; Mary Read, Savannah, telegraph editor; Margaret Cutter, Macon, society editor; Mildred McCrory, Ellaville, assistant society editor; Elizabeth Garret, Bublin, business manager; Honorine Bollinger, Macon, advertising manager; Virginia McGehee, Talbotton, circulation manager; Dorothy Hightower, Jonesboro, paragrapher; Robertine Belcher, Covington, editor page of facts; Katherine Boone, Charleston, Mo., sport editor; Lillian Crawford, Dothan, Ala., cartoonist; and Winnifred Rosser, Lafayette, column editor.

* * * *

The following permanent officers of the Freshman class have been elected: president, Merrill McMichael; vice-president, Mary Bennett; secretary and treasurer, Olive Quillian; sargeant-at-arms, Frances Bates.

* * * *

At the business session of the November meeting of the Writer's Club the club renamed itself "The Scribes and Pharisees." After the business the following program was given:

Interesting facts about F. L. Stanton—Fannie Belle Outler.
Life Sketch of Joel Chandler Harris and an "Uncle Remus" story—Ailene Corry.

Robert Loveman—Leslie Quillian.

Works of Corra Harris—Catherine Craig.

Sidney Lanier—Mildred Shelton.

* * * *

To promote interest in literary production and writing, this year two copies of the *Veterropt*, the college annual, will be given as prizes. One for the best poem on "Wesleyan," the other for the best story that portrays the spirit of Wesleyan.

The contest for the poem is open to any student; only ex-journalism students are eligible to the story contest.

The series of lectures on "Great Religious Reformers," giving sketches of the lives of men who have made great steps toward Christianity and their underlying principles and works, which was delivered by prominent citizens of Macon at the chapel hour during the month of November was both interesting and instructive.

The speakers and their subjects were:

Dr. W. F. Quillian	"John Wesley"
Dr. Rufus Weaver.....	"George Whitfield"
Rev. Oliver Hart	"The Huguenots"
Rev. Carl Barth	"John Calvin"
R. L. Anderson	"John Knox"
O. A. Park	"John Huss"
Rev. L. N. Strickler	"Martin Luther"

* * * *

Henry Lawrence Southwick, president of the Emerson School of Oratory at Boston and noted Shakespearean reader, read "Twelfth Night" and several humorous selections to a large audience at the college chapel. Mr. Southwick has been a visitor at Wesleyan far fourteen consecutive years.

* * * *

The Thanksgiving games are played!

Freshman, 18 to 9, scored triumph against Sophomore, while Seniors tipped victory with a score of 20 against 18, for the Juniors. The Junior and Senior teams were well matched, and the fast work of the teams starred Baird for the Seniors and Jenkins and Munro for the Juniors.

Both the Freshmen and Sophomores were confident of victory, but in the sensational shooting of Harmon for the Freshmen, their score was easily piled up, doubling that of the Sophomores.

Class rivalry was at its highest pitch when yells and songs of about 400 classmen rang out just before the games; with the waving of each banner loud yells of loyalty filled the air, and at the beginning of each contest deafening roars from the balcony filled the gym.

The line-up was as follows:

Juniors	Position	Seniors
Hunt, Ellen	C.	Glenn, Julia
Aliver, Ruth	R. C.	Higdon, Sarah
Munro, Maurine	R. F.	Cook, Floy
Jenkins, Audrey	L. F.	Baird, Mildred
Maxwell, Mary T.	R. G.	Wilson, Marie
Woodward, Grace	L. G.	Boulton, Mildred
Freshman	Position	Sophomores
Moore, Marion	C.	Tanner, Ruby
Stubbs, Louise	R. C.	Thomson, Eunice
Harmon, Mamie	L. F.	Boone Catherine
Richards, Clara	R. F.	Mobley, Willie
Fowler, Mary Lee	R. G.	Fincher, Jeffie
Wilder, Lucile	L. G.	Rogers, Elizabeth

* * * *

A morning of rivalry was changed into an evening of love and friendship when, at 2:00 o'clock Thanksgiving day, the doors of the dining hall were opened and the five classes took their places, decorated with class-colors and flowers, to help in the celebration of the annual banquet.

Each table, decorated in different colors, gave a rainbow effect; first the Seniors, down the length of the hall, bore huge baskets of gold and white chrysanthemums, among the which were ribbons which extended to each place. A prim Quaker maiden and a fat turkey marked the place of each member of the class.

On the left side were the Junior tables, in green and gold, on the center of which were pilgrim dolls, enacting significant historical events of long ago. Lacquer boxes, on which were perched turkeys, marked each girl's place.

The Sophomore tables were decorated with baskets of red and white pompom chrysanthemums, while colonial nosegays of the same flowers were used as favors.

Gorgeously decorated with lavender and white chrysanthemums were the tables in the rear of the dining room where the Freshmen sat.

Haystacks of yellow and gold surrounded by pumpkins and turkeys decorated the tables of the special class. Miniature haystacks and purple, lavender, and gold baskets, filled with mints were placed at each plate.

As to the seven-course dinner itself, to the vanquished classmen, the turkey tasted as good as to the conquerors, and the bitterness of defeat did not make the cranberry sauce less sweet, to say nothing of the many other things which were spread on the tables.

Just before the serving of the dinner, Harriet Evans sang "Thank God for a Garden." Ruth Sears, president of the Senior class acted as toast-mistress and introduced each speaker with a clever skit.

Miss Rebekah Oliphant struck the key-note of the evening when she said:

"Those Pilgrim fathers did a lot
We never can repay,
Why they invented Blue Laws
And Thanksgiving Day."

Fannie Belle Outler toasting Thanksgiving 1950, said:

A prophet is supposed to be
Both wise and old
And dignified and never bold
Not just hilarious—like me!

But I'm wondering what there'll be about
That Turkey Day in 1950
In Greater Wesleyan's halls so nifty
That can surpass our glee and shout?

Will all those lassies of our dreams
Be just as thrilled and happy then
Or ring out songs as snappy as
Are these of yours and mine?

I hear a triumph twice as loud
I hear rejoicing from those throats
Resound in familiar notes
I see an old familiar crowd.

Where 1950's banqueteers
Assemble to give thanks
I see our daughters in the ranks
I hear their mother's cheers.

We'll send them back from 'round the world
To throng old Wesleyan's halls
And we'll be thankful when '50 calls
That we are Wesleyan girls.

Other toasts were "To the Pulley Bone," Maymsie Ousley;
"To Appetite," Eunice Thomson; "To Auld Lang Syne,"
Hazel Hester; "To Happy Days," Kate Harrell; "To Happy
Days," Mary Harwell.

Between the toasts peppy and snappy songs were sung to
each class by every other class, sister classes to sister classes,
and rivals to rivals. Basket-ball did not break the bond of
friendship between freshman and sophomores for they sang:

"We will not let it
We will forget it
Everything is all right."

and the Freshmen answered,

"Do you think we mind your joking when you tease
The freshmen young,
Or we find you too provoking when
Your jests at us are flung—
NO!

The Seniors sang to the Juniors

"Here's luck to you Juniors, let's
Bury the ax."

And the Juniors in reply, said,

"We're gonna love you, love you still
Love and miss you, yes we will."

Although Sophs had plead with Senior sisters,

"Don't go and leave us

For nothing can go right without the
Gold and White."

Softly they filed out singing,

"The soft golden haze of remembered days
Will carry us back to you."

U. M. C. A.

MARY CRANE, *Editor.*

MILDRED SHELTON	<i>President</i>
FANNIE BELLE OUTLER	<i>Undergraduate Field Representative</i>
MARIAN MUNRO	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARIE WILSON	<i>Secretary</i>
LEONA LETSON	<i>Treasurer</i>
MARY THOMAS MAXWELL	<i>Social Standards</i>
GRACE WOODWARD	<i>Publicity</i>
ELMA SANDERS	<i>Religious Meetings</i>
PEARL WOODRUFF	<i>World Fellowship</i>
MILDRED BOULTON	<i>Social</i>
RUTH FIELD	<i>Social Service</i>
MAMIE L. ROGERS	<i>Social Service</i>

FLOY COOK, PRESIDENT STUDENT GOVERNMENT

ALMA CAUDILL, LEADER STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND

Honorary Members

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

All thoughts turn to Greater Wesleyan!

But even as the rumors are spread abroad that, in a few years this greater college will be a reality, other activities must have their places.

So—the approaching Christmas holidays are not forgotten, nor are those little children in far-away China, who are awaiting the arrival of five hundred dolls, all carefully dressed and packed by Wesleyan girls.

At the vesper service one Tuesday evening in November, Miss Kwe-Yuin Kiang, who helped to unpack and distribute the dolls in Soochow, China, last year, described to the girls the delight of the children over their American dollies. Soon Wes-

leyan veritably turned into a doll-dress-making establishment and—the dolls are now on their way.

But dolls for the Chinese children are not the only ones being dressed by the girls at Wesleyan, for the Social Service Department of the Y. W. C. A. is preparing a number of dainty baby dolls for the little girls of the Vineville Methodist Orphanage.

Another bit of Christmas cheer that this committee has planned is a special program to be given Saturday afternoon, December 16, in the gym for the negro servants. Not only will Christmas readings, songs and stories be features of the program, but gifts of fruit and candy will be distributed.

The zenith of the Christmas spirit will be reached on Monday evening, December 18, when a community tree will be erected on the front campus. The tree, with its gay festoons and many-colored lights, will represent the Yule-tide spirit.

The true meaning of Christmas will be portrayed in a beautiful pageant and the singing of Christmas carols.

Just as the earth takes on its robe of darkness, the chapel steps will become a mass of light, for there the tree will stand—a symbol of good will. From its limbs, brilliant with the glitter of tinsel and tiny lights, will hang gifts galore.

And “Santa Claus,” himself, will be in charge.

But, as the tree stands sentinel over the festivities, the pageant will be given depicting the glory of Christ’s nativity and the meaning of His birth.

On Sunday evening, December 17, at the vesper hour Miss Harriet Evans will direct a Christmas cantata. The devotional will be lead by Miss Mildred Shelton.

* * * *

The second week in November was Student Friendship Week at Wesleyan. During this time, a campaign was conducted by the Y. W. C. A. for the purpose of raising funds for the aid of students of other lands. More than \$400 was pledged.

In preparation for the campaign, an open forum was held Tuesday evening, November 14. Miss Fannie Belle Outler, supervisor of the Student Friendship Fund, conducted the forum.

Miss Fjeril Hess, of New York, was the guest of the Y. W. C. A. for two days during the campaign. She came as the representative of the Student Friendship Movement. Having only recently returned from the Near East where she was for two and one-half years engaged in relief work, she was able through most interesting talks to bring the startling conditions of Central Europe very near to the minds and hearts of the girls.

This being Miss Hess' first visit to the South, an informal but typical Southern entertainment was given for her. Gathered around a cheery "open fire place" that was cleverly simulated in the grand parlor old Southern songs and stories were sung and told in true Southern style. Miss Hess also delighted the girls with her quaint songs from the Near East which she sung to the accompaniment of an Hawaiian guitar.

* * * *

The Y. W. C. A. tea room continues to grow. Not only is it an effectual financial aid to the association and a haven for hungry girls, but it is more—it is a help to students far away. Miss Mildred Boulton, who is in charge of the work, has announced that the support of a Central-European student has been pledged by the members of the committee.

* * * *

Under the auspices of the World Fellowship department, of which Miss Pearle Woodruff is chairman, a series of interesting talks on "The Conditions in the Foreign Mission Fields," was given during the month of November in the Sunday vesper services. The series was as follows: "The Political Status in Our Mission Fields," Miss Marie Wilson; "Health Conditions," Miss Lillian Dudd; "The Educational Needs," Miss Louise Ballard; "Social Conditions," Miss Mary Harwell; and "The Religions of the World," Miss Mildred Shelton.

* * * *

On the Sunday afternoon, just preceding Thanksgiving Day, a group of girls brightened the hearts of four old ladies with a beautiful Thanksgiving entertainment given for them at the Old Ladies' Home. Clever songs, sung with ukuleles, brought back to the old ladies the days when they, too, loved to strum

a stringed instrument or read a poem of youth. A basket of fruit was left by the girls as a little token of Thanksgiving Day.

* * * *

Mrs. Glenn, who for two years was a missionary to China, was the guest of the Y. W. C. A. for several days in November. During her visit she lead the Sunday evening vesper service, choosing "The Life of Peter" as her subject.

* * * *

Dr. Shelton, of Emory University, delighted a large audience Sunday evening, December 10, with a stereoptican lecture on "Egypt." He recently spent some time in the Orient, where he made many archaeological investigations.

* * * *

Mr. Eugene Bond, of Wisconsin, was the guest of the Student Volunteer Band, November 7. He came as the traveling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement.

Merry Christmas to all!

Alumnae Notes

MARGARET RICHARDS, *Editor.*

After we had all gone out and oh'd and ah'd over the beautiful new site at Rivoli, it is hard to keep back a tiny pang of jealousy for those lucky, lucky girls who will have all the thrills of really living in the marvelous new buildings of our dreams.

Our only comforting thought is that, although we love our "oldest and best" now, with each brick that is added to our Greater Wesleyan the love and pride that we are (or shall be) Alumnae will be increased. The new alumnae building will be our joy, our pride, our haven of memories, and from all parts of the world, Wesleyan's Alumnae will feel a grander and nobler pride for their Alma Mater.

News gleaned from the ranks of the class of 1921, show the following facts:

Miriam Bond is teaching at Union Springs, Ala.

Leone Brannon, at the R. E. Lee Institute, Thomaston, Ga.

Fannie Cantey, departmental work, Ashburn, Ga.

Lucy Christian, grammar grades, Fort Valley, Ga.

Elizabeth Clanton, director of athletics, North Avenue Presbyterian School, Atlanta, Ga.

Martha Clark, assistant physical director, Wesleyan College.

Margaret Evans, science, Cordele, Ga.

Mary Fagan, assistant teacher of expression, Wesleyan College.

Christine Glenn is stenographer for the Brown and Maffett Company, Atlanta, Ga.

The friends of Mary Graves will regret to learn of the death of her father which occurred recently in Ukiah, California

Grace Grimes is teaching at Stillmore, Ga.

Lois Higdon, French, Blackshear, Ga.

Margaret Jordan, sixth grade, Pulaski, Va.

Sylvia Kaplan is staying at home this year. She will visit relatives in Chicago the latter part of December.

Lucile Lewis, for the past two years, has been at MacDonnell Institute, Durango, Mexico.

Emma Kate Mansfield is teaching in the Industrial High School, Columbus.

Mamie Marchman, French, Latin, Madison, Ga.

Fayne Moore, Spanish, Cedartown, Ga.

Marion Padrick, French, Spanish, Brunswick, Ga.

Grace Parker, Home Economics, Cochran, Ga.

Maggie Perry, staying at home, Atlanta, Ga.

Agnes Pinson is teaching English, Sylvester, Ga.

Emmie Powers, grammar grades, Newnan, Ga.

Catherine Rourk is dietician at Fifth Avenue Hospital, New York.

Clyde Smith is teaching at Middleburg, N. C.

Louise Stokes, Downing Institute, Brewton, Ala.

Annie Tanner, Spanish, Blytheville, Ark.

Georgia Thomas, teaching in high school, LaFayette, Ga.

Maneal Tucker, English, Vocational, School Albertville, Ala.

Juddie Turner is principal of the high school at Royston, Ga.

Edna Tyson, domestic art and science, Thomasville, Ga.

Anita Wagner, English, Mobile, Ala.

Lora Waterman, Montgomery, Ala.

Elizabeth Williams, Spanish, Sparks Collegiate Institute, Sparks, Ga.

Louise Withington, teaching at Waycross, Ga.

Mabel Woodward, history, Lavonia High School, Lavonia, Ga.

A recent wedding of unusual interest in Warrenton, and to Wesleyan Alumnae was that of Miss Kate Brinkley and Mr. Edward Garner, of Florence, Ala. After a wedding tour to points of interest in Georgia and Alabama, they will live in Florence, Ala.

Another bride of the class of '21, is Miss Margaret Jones, who was married to Mr. Julian Bostwick Roddenbery, in October.

Miss Miriam Weeks was married October 26, at her home in Harlem, Ga., to Mr. Philander P. Scroggs. Mr. and Mrs. Scroggs are living in Augusta, Ga.

October seems to rival June as the month of weddings, at least this is the favorite month with a number of Wesleyan girls.

Miss Wetta Watts, of Shellman, Ga., was married to Mr. George Mathews of Fort Valley, Ga., October 12. During her Senior year at Wesleyan Mrs. Mathews was president of the Y. W. C. A., and after graduation she did Y. W. C. A. work in Colorado.

Miss Mary Lane, a graduate of the class of 1917, married Mr. Hugh Mallet, of Jackson, Ga., November 16. Mr. and Mrs. Mallet are living in Jackson, Ga.

Of much interest to the people of Macon and Jonesboro was the marriage of Miss Mary Nelson, of the class of '20 to Mr. E. W. Butler, of Macon, Ga.

The following announcement will be read with great interest by members of the Alumnae Association:

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Schofield announce the engagement of their daughter, Hazel, to Mr. George Lumpkin of Macon, the wedding to take place in January.

* * * *

Quite an event in the journalistic world of Macon and Wesleyan is the advent of a brand-new star reporter, namely, Mary Snow Etheridge, who came in November. Mrs. Etheridge, as Willie Snow, won an enviable place in the newspapers of the city after her graduation.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Van McKibben Lane announce the birth of a boy, October 28. His name is Van McKibben, Jr., and his mother was Miss Linda Anderson, a graduate of the class of 1919.

* * * *

The Alumnae Association notes with deep sorrow the death of Mrs. Hugh M. Willet which occurred in Atlanta, December 1. Mrs. Willet was formerly president of the Georgia Federation of Woman's Clubs, and was always a great worker in the church circles in Atlanta. She was prominently known and loved through the South.

Mrs. Willet, before her marriage was Miss Lucy Lester, originally of Leon City, Florida, but later of Thomasville, Ga. Wesleyan was always proud to claim her as a graduate.

* * * *

Among the recent visitors at the college, the following were "old girls"; Miss Elizabeth Mount, of the class of '20 who visited her sister, Julia. She is teaching in the Cordele High School; Mrs. Watson, from Hawkinsville, who was formerly Miss Grace Bailey; Mrs. E. W. Butler, now of Macon, Ga.

* * * *

To the thousands of Alumnae members scattered over the world, your little sisters here are wishing for each and every one of you, a very merry Christmas, and a happy, prosperous New Year.

Exchange Department

MILDRED SHELTON, *Editor.*

The November issue of the Georgia Cracker is unusually good. The article "Macon, Urbs Futura" is one which has aroused much comment. The author seems to know his subject and treats it in a candid, though, unsympathetic manner.

"The Messenger," University of Richmond, is a splendid magazine. The make-up is particularly attractive. "Vestigia" is a beautiful poem, and well worth reading.

"Scandal," a story rather the "This Side of Paradise" type is hardly the sort of story one expects in a college magazine, since the moral is exactly what the pessimistic critics of the "rising generation" attribute to us.

The author of "Glimpses From a Train Window" whether intentionally or not presents a real missionary appeal in his vivid description of a mining town. The sketch is excellent.

"A Paradise" is clever, and the lines in the poem "A Beech Tree" are good. The verses in "The Messenger" are to say the least on a par with the stories, and that is characteristic of few college magazines.

"The Sacrifice" is a good story—at least it is interesting although it is rather hectic for a magazine of this type.

A clever "translation" is "Quatrain From the Yiddish," and such humor is really valuable to a college magazine.

The unexpected ending in the story, "Brother and Sister" prevents it from being commonplace.

"The Price" is a good poem and contributes to the real merits of the magazine.

Mr. Beebler is to be congratulated on his broad-minded article, "Revolutions." This is one of the best features of the magazine.

"Two Poems From the Spanish of Becquer" is the sort of things that make a magazine attractive and more college papers should use translations.

Rather pointless is the "Playlet" but "News Dessertates" "Concerning Itself" is decidedly clever and unique.

The magazine is to be congratulated on the splendid book reviews.

We acknowledge "Davenport Weekly Record," "Forensic," "Red and Black," "Kentucky Wesleyan," "Normal Light," State Normal, Athens; "Aggie Herald," Jonesboro, Arkansas; "The Emory Phoenix," "Georgia Cracker."

Catch-All

DOROTHY HIGHTOWER, *Editor*.

Some people seem to think
That we would just naturally
Keel over into a cold corpse
If they should, by chance,
Hand in a joke.
We might perhaps, however,
If the shock wasn't too
Great, bear up bravely.
Anyway we're proof,
Because we had the
"Dang" and survived.
If that didn't finish us,
Nothing ever will.

* * * *

M. D. J., reading Latin: "Marcus et Galba." Then repeated, "Marcus et Galba."

H. D., studying: "Well, go on. What did he eat him for?"

* * * *

We have it on good authority that it is not language that is spoken here, but slanguage.

* * * *

"Naughts Had—All's Spent."—Lady MacBeth.

How true she spoke she little knew,

But sad alas! I know full well.

If aught I had either old or new

I'd bring it out and try to sell.

For money's scare and hard to get,

And those who had it, have it not.

There's nothing left with which to bet,

Not even one poor lone five spot.

Still this old life must amble on

Tho' we're without our bread and honey,

And all we do is sigh and moan

And try our best to get some money.

Two bits these days look like a dollar
 But go no further than a penny;
 Yet still I'd kick and scratch and holler
 If I could get my hands on any.
 Oh I would lay me down and rest,
 If a pot of gold I could but find;
 I'd live in joy and happiness
 And calm at last my piece of mind.

* * * *

Fresh: "Does history repeat itself?"

Junior: "Sure does, if you flunk it,"

—*Octopus.*

* * * *

First girl: "What does coming back to school every year remind you of?"

Second girl: "The Return of the Flock,' cause everybody does feel so sheepish."

* * * *

Soph: "What do you call it where they break up rocks?"

Senior: "Oh, you're thinking about the chain-gang."

* * * *

While practising songs for Thanksgiving the Irregulars each time accented the first syllable of "freshman." Finally R. T. got up and said: "Girls, please come down on the men harder."

* * * *

Prof. Quillian in zoo class: "Young ladies, is it light enough in here?"

Class in chorus: "Yes, sir."

Prof. Q.: "Are you quite sure?"

Class: "Yes, sir."

Prof. Q.: "Well, it ought to be. I have an Aristotle's lantern on the desk."

* * * *

(Apologies to Kipling).

I've taken my share of the history,
 I've taken my pick from the line;
 I had all J. W. could offer
 And some of the lot were just fine.

One course was American history,
 Another was labeled M 2;
 Then Labor Problems came
 And it suited its name
 For it was a problem all through.

Then next came political science,
 And European history I took;
 This course was quite easy, I'm stating,
 For I passed without having a book.
 Then others there were in succession
 Tho' now their mem'ries are dim;
 I passed J. W. with ease
 With both A's and with B's
 And I learned about history from him.

Yes, I've had my pickings of history,
 And now I must pay for my ease;
 Instead of getting honorable mention
 I run more and more to the D's.
 And now I am sitting and thinking,
 Dreaming of flunk cards to be;
 Take heed from my lot
 As I know you will not
 And learn about histories from me.

* * * *

When the change in the British government was first being discussed, a Freshman walked up to a Senior and said, "What is the Bonar Law, anyway?"

* * * *

Since the weather has decided to "Cool off" a bit, the favorite song of the students seems to be "Darling, I Am Growing Cold."

* * * *

L. L. at Thanksgiving Banquet: "I hope some of my numerous brothers will send some of their ancestors to Greater Wesleyan."

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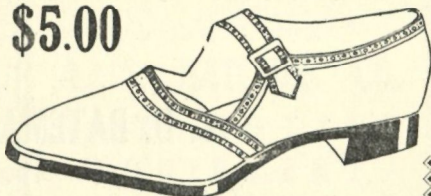
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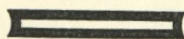
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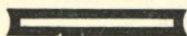
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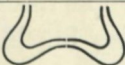
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